

Good Morning

265

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

THIS CINEMA MANAGER SPEAKS OUT!

Robert W. Peat
tells Chris
Gould the story



INDIRECT LIGHTING CENTURY OLD

Says Mary Silburn

CONCEALED lighting is nothing new.

Those of you who have admired the idea as something really modern, to be found in luxury flats or expensive hotels, will be surprised to hear that it was introduced in the heart of North Wales as long ago as 1825.

The idea was carried out by two eccentric old ladies, Lady Eleanor Butler and her inseparable friend, Miss Sarah Ponsonby, who, for some never discovered reason, fled from their homes in Ireland in 1870, to settle at Plas Newydd, Llan-gollen.

To light the way between ante-room and library they had candles placed in sconces, cunningly fixed so as to reflect their flickering light through magnifying glasses, concealed in a stained-glass trap-window, and the effect is such that it would be envied by a modern interior decorator in search of ideas.

The two old ladies were ahead of their time in many other ways, eccentric though they were. They were an acquisitive old couple, and legend has it that visitors to Plas Newydd were not welcome unless they brought some rare piece of antique carving or stained glass with them.

Lady Butler died in 1829 at the ripe old age of 91, her friend followed her in 1831, and their faithful maid, Mary Caryll predeceased her mistress in 1809. She, too, had made the perilous crossing from Ireland when Sarah Ponsonby, tall and masculine-looking, crossed disguised as a man for the safety of the party. Mary must also have been a remarkable old woman, for records tell that she was only paid 1s. 6d. a week, yet, when she died, she left Lady Butler the sum of £500!

TAKE A HINT!

Our address is
c/o PRESS DIVISION,
ADMIRALTY,
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WHEN the war began there were some 5,000 cinemas in Britain, ranging from "flea-pits" to super "palaces." Thousands of young men and women were employed in the cinema business, and I joined the select band of theatre managers with a weekly wage of £8.

I had an office that would make a bank manager envious, three changes of dress suit, and my staff of thirty men, girls and boys treated me with the respect usually reserved for a millionaire.

Yes, that was before the war.

Now, I'm still lucky enough to be in charge of a cinema theatre that hasn't been hit in the "Blitz," nor occupied by the council for refugees and bombees.

My theatre is still making money—but only just.

And as the cinema still continues to serve the public, and as the public continues to grumble because of the higher price of seats, I think it is only fair that you should know the money facts behind my side of the Silver Screen.

MY theatre is one of a "chain," but the local financial arrangements are such that we enjoy a considerable degree of freedom in money matters.

We pay rent for our 1,800-seater building, and that rent absorbs over £20 a week of our meagre profits.

Other cinema theatres are owned by the "chains," who must, nevertheless, pay mortgage fees to financial houses actually responsible for the building, or even if it is their own money which is invested they must allow for interest on the capital tied up, and wear and tear.

In any case, it is highly probable that these charges will amount to less than £1,000 a year; and in the case of larger theatres it may be considerably more. Forty or even fifty to one hundred pounds a week can be absorbed in one of the very big theatres in London.

A cinema, you see, is usually

in the "High Road" or one of the main thoroughfares of the town, where rents and rates are highest.

You've got your building—now it has to be heated, air-conditioned, and lighted.

The bill for this will not be less than £25 a week, and in the winter months, even with war-time restrictions on public building heating, the total fuel-light bill will be £50 a week.

Then the staff must be paid. A medium-sized cinema will carry a weekly wage bill of £50, and in a big theatre it may be three or four times that sum.

It is true that cinema workers at some theatres are under-paid.

Figures of 1939 disclosed that usherettes were earning 17s. or 18s., less insurance, for a 48-hour week. First cashiers at the box-office were receiving from 25s. a week up to 37s. 6d. a week. As a cinema employee my-



self, getting £8 a week for a job which I feel has a responsibility worth double that wage, I am not going to say that we, as a crowd, are well paid.

But if you ask cafe waitresses, commercial travellers, and quite a lot of other people, whether they are adequately paid or not, you can expect an outside raspberry as the answer.

In my own case I do the job because I like it, and that's that. Also I do have to sign the weekly wage chit for £42, so I see where the money goes.

There are dozens of other expenses. A.R.P. services cost us about £2 a week, while maintenance charges for the talkie projector apparatus amount to another £4 a week. Carbons, used in the projector arc-lamps, cost us over £2 a week!

All these charges must be faced before we hire our organist, our films, or—in peacetime—our stage show. Since the war it has been impossible to run a regular stage show, as so many available people were on the E.N.S.A. list, and with air raid scares we felt safer in relying on a purely mechanical programme.

We had trouble with turns my side of the silver screen we

arriving late owing to bombed trains, and all that sort of thing, impossible to avoid during war.

We rent our films, the charge being based partly on seating capacity of the theatre. Those charges have increased by 25 per cent. since the war.

This far higher cost of rental is not made up by the issue of various Government and Ministry of Information films, while the news-reels, which used to be so enthralling for regular patrons, are now, owing to vital war-time censorship, not always so interesting as they might be.

This is no fault of the news-reel "pool" of cameramen, who are doing a grand job of work in taking news films, often during gunfire and air raids.

You can reckon that after we have paid Government tax, exactly 40 per cent. of our weekly takings goes to the rental of films.

That means nearly half of your weekly expenditure on "the pictures" goes bang into the pockets of the Hollywood film people and the British distributors.

When cinema prices seem high, please remember that on my side of the silver screen we

get only about half the money you hand in over the cash-desk.

Out of the average-price seat in a cinema (about 1s. 9d.), something like 4d. or 5d. goes towards the rental of the films and news-reels... though I know there are quite a lot of people who imagine that news-reels are issued free!

The Government tax takes 3d.—which is more per head per patron than the amount for payment of staff, usually about 2d. per head!

If you still think cinema employees grossly under-paid, then remember that, too; the Government tax takes more out of your ticket money than the staff wages.

Another 3d. has to be deducted from the ticket to cover theatre operating costs, rent, depreciation, mortgages, and so on.

If you carry on deducting all the essentials you begin to wonder where the profit is.

And that is precisely the position with many cinema managers at the moment. We are beginning to wonder where the profit is.

And when we grouse, people tell us "we made our money in peacetime," or that "we're only a luxury trade and don't deserve to make a profit."

Many of us haven't been able to have a holiday since 1938, and a quiet seat while enjoying a good film, or while being thrilled at the news-reels, is all that we can expect as a change from the stern reality of life. I think some measure of praise is due to cinema staffs who worked on through the blitz to make all this possible.

We carry on during raids. All our staff are doing a grand job of work in keeping some 5,000 people a day cheerful. Is that a luxury, even in wartime?

I can't say that I feel myself much of a luxury. My theatre, in a provincial area covering several military and R.A.F. centres, is always well packed with young serving chaps and their girls.

Entertainment of all sorts is restricted in war-time, and most of us are working harder than ever. Isn't it only fair, therefore, that ordinary people should be free to enjoy a spare hour at the "pictures" during their resting time?

A.B. Ronnie Fairclough—"Don't forget that monkey"

(warns Phyllis)

YOU'VE got a sticky passage ahead, A.B. Ronnie Fairclough, if you don't bring that monkey home to Litherland, Liverpool, that you promised young Dorothy you would bring her on your next leave.

But it's not going to be a bed of roses exactly at 38, Springfield Avenue, if "da monk" does come!

For sister Phyllis has been promised a sheepdog, and heaven knows what may happen to the domestic peace if a sheepdog and a monkey ever meet.

We hope the submarine service will have a way to overcome the difficulties, for little Dorothy, your eight-years-old kid sister, whose smile is as wide, and hair as fair and fluffy as you remember, has spread the news far and wide that brother Ronnie is bringing her a monkey back from his next trip.

A reception committee of school-mates is already discussing monkey life and feeding problems!

Phyllis has high hopes of getting her sheepdog soon. It hasn't arrived yet, but she wants it (and the bigger the better, she says) to take the place of poor little Jimmy, the pup who was run over and killed just after you went back from your last leave.

Phyllis has turned fourteen now, is losing her schoolgirl ways and looking very smart and grown-up in zipped navy slacks and green jerseys.

As soon as the holidays are over she is going to start work in a chemist's shop over at Bootle, and she's feeling quite important already at the prospect of getting behind the

counter and advising on perfumes and powders.

All the others at home are fine.

Dad is working as hard as ever at his clogging, and Phyllis is helping Gertie, brother Eric's wife, to keep things bright and happy at home.

Dad creeps out of the house without waking anybody; but

Phyllis and Gertie see that there's a good hot meal waiting for him when he gets back after his working day.

Gertie is still working at Vernon's and getting her day off on Thursdays, and they are all terribly sorry that you just missed Eric by a week or two, when he had leave from the Royal Marines so soon after you went back.

The home folk are sending you regular Air Mail letters, and hope you are getting them safely.

All send you their fondest love. And Good Hunting!

EVER PLAYED The "HAXEY HOOD?"

THE famous "Haxeey Hood" game, which has been held annually for hundreds of years in the Lincolnshire village of Haxeey, near Gainsborough, resembles Rugby—with a difference!

On the appointed day in January, the villager who is the leader—and who is humorously called "The Lord"—throws high into the air in the main street, a cylindrical-shaped piece of leather, in which there is a golden half-sovereign, three-penny pieces and the names of past organisers of the game written on scraps of paper.

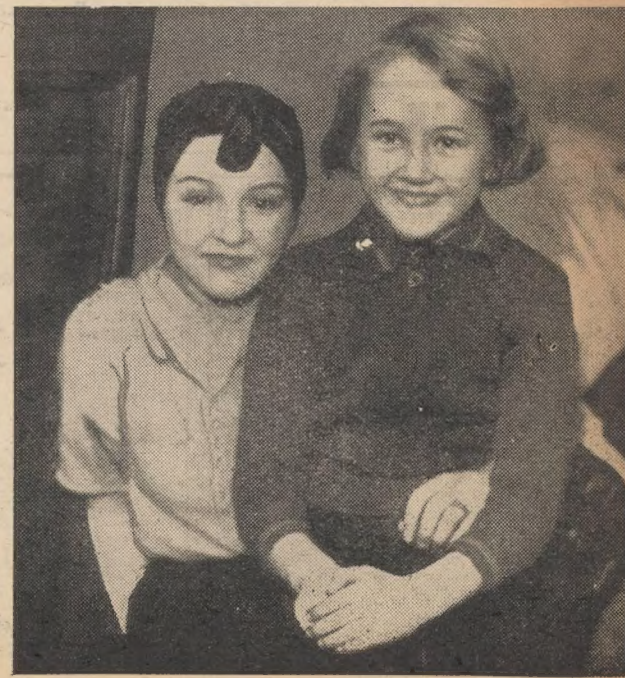
The teams taking part are numberless, for nobody ever knows how many there are.

Each team converges upon "The Hood," and a Rugby scrum follows, after which the winning team carries the Hood off to the particular public-house which is their own "Headquarters."

The winner's "Pub" then holds the trophy for another year.

Here is the "Fool for the

Year" making his speech during the opening of the game, and brandishing the historic hood.



Murders in the Rue Morgue

THE mental features discoursed of as the analytical are, in themselves, but little susceptible of analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects. We know of them, among other things, that they are always to their possessor, when inordinately possessed, a source of the liveliest enjoyment.

As the strong man exults in his physical ability, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which disentangles. He derives pleasure from even the most trivial occupations bringing his talent into play.

He is fond of enigmas, of conundrums, of hieroglyphics; exhibiting in his solutions of each a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary apprehension preternatural. His results, brought about by the very soul and essence of method, have, in truth, the whole air of intuition.

The faculty of re-solution is possibly much invigorated by mathematical study, and especially by that highest branch of it which, unjustly, and merely on account of its retrograde operations, has been called, as if par excellence, analysis.

Yet to calculate is not in itself to analyse. A chess-player, for example, does the one without effort at the other. It follows that the game of chess, in its effects upon mental character, is greatly misunderstood. I am not now writing a treatise, but simply prefacing a somewhat peculiar narrative by observations very much at random; I will therefore take occasion to assert that the higher powers of the reflective intellect are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess.

In this latter, where the pieces have different and bizarre motions, with various and variable values, what is only complex is mistaken (a not unusual error) for what is

"Murders in the Rue Morgue" is believed to be the world's first detective story. In it, Edgar Allan Poe developed the theme of deduction, subsequently brought to a high pitch by Conan Doyle and other detective story writers. And — Poe did all this — over 100 years ago.

profound. The attention is here called powerfully into play. If it flag for an instant, an oversight is committed, resulting in injury or defeat. The possible moves being not only manifold but involute, the chances of such oversights are multiplied; and in nine cases out of ten it is the more concentrative rather than the more acute player who conquers.

In draughts, on the contrary, where the moves are unique and have but little variation, the probabilities of inadvertence are diminished, and the mere attention being left comparatively unemployed, what advantages are obtained by either party are obtained by superior acumen.

To be less abstract—let us suppose a game of draughts where the pieces are reduced to four kings, and where, of course, no oversight is to be expected. It is obvious that here the victory can be decided (the players being at all equal) only by some *recherché* movement, the result of some strong exertion of the intellect.

Deprived of ordinary resources, the analyst throws himself into the spirit of his opponent, identifies himself therewith, and not infrequently sees thus, at a glance, the sole methods (sometimes indeed absurdly simple ones)

by which he may seduce into error or hurry into miscalculation.

Whist has long been noted for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. Beyond doubt there is nothing of a similar nature so greatly taxing the faculty of analysis. The best chess-player in Christendom may be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind.

When I say proficiency, I mean that perfection in the game which includes a comprehension of all the sources whence legitimate advantage may be derived. These are not only manifold, but multifarious, and lie frequently among recesses of thought altogether inaccessible to the ordinary understanding.

To observe attentively is to remember distinctly; and, so far, the concentrative chess-player will do very well at whist; while the rules of Hoyle (themselves based upon the mere mechanism of the game) are sufficiently and generally comprehensible. Thus to have a retentive memory, and to proceed by "the book," are points commonly regarded as the sum total of good playing.

But it is in matters beyond the limits of mere rule that the skill of the analyst is evinced. He makes, in silence, a host of observations and inferences. So, perhaps, do his companions; and the difference in the extent of the information obtained lies not so much in the validity of the inference as in the quality of the observation.

The necessary knowledge is that of what to observe. Our player confines himself not at all; nor, because the game is the object, does he reject deductions from things external to the game. He examines the countenance of his partner, comparing it carefully with that of each of his opponents. He considers the mode of assorting the cards in each hand; often counting trump by trump and honour by honour, through the glances bestowed by their holders upon each.

He notes every variation of face as the play progresses, gathering a fund of thought from the differences in the

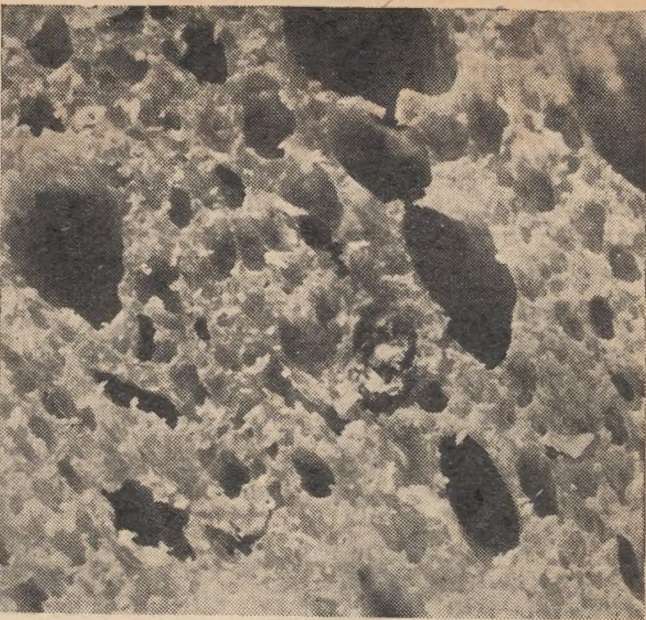
expression of certainty, or surprise, of triumph, or of chagrin. From the manner of gathering up a trick he judges whether the person taking it can make another in the suit.

He recognises what is played through feint, by the air with which it is thrown upon the table. A casual or inadvertent word; the accidental dropping or turning of a card, with the accompanying anxiety or carelessness in regard to its concealment; the counting of the tricks, with the order of their arrangement; embarrassment, hesitation, eagerness or trepidation—all afford, to his apparently intuitive perception, indications of the true state of affairs.

The first two or three rounds having been played, he is in full possession of the contents of each hand, and thenceforward puts down his cards with as absolute a precision of purpose as if the rest of the party had turned outward the faces of their own.

The analytical power should not be confounded with simple ingenuity; for while the analyst is necessarily ingenious, the ingenious man is often remarkably incapable of analysis. The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Quiz in No. 264: Brawn.

a primitive faculty, has been so frequently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general ob-

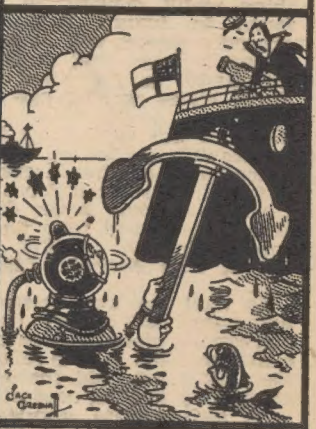
servation among writers on morals.

Between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the truly imaginative never otherwise than analytic.

The narrative which follows will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced.

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Yours, is it? Well, in future have a care, old man, have a care!"

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues, see if you can trace the name of a well-known author. Here is a clue that will help you find the name: V FOR VICTORY. Here are the clues to the words down: 1, A tax. 2, Defeat. 3, A spar to extend the bottom of a sail. 4, Me and you. 5, Moisture. 6, Gun. 7, Part of face reversed. 8, Business. 9, Short for Memorandum. 10, It shows the direction of the wind.

(Solution in No. 266)

WANGLING WORDS—220

- Put a sheep in LS and make a county town.
- Rearrange the letters of ROY KNEW to make an American State.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LONG into WAVE, DUCK into SWIM, HORSE into GOOSE, LADY into BIRD.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from SOPHISTICATED?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 219

- BRIGHTON.
- SOCRATES.
- MAJOR, MANOR, MINOR, MINER, MINE, MINDS, BINDS, BENDS, BEADS, READS, ROADS, RING, SING, SINK, SANK, SANE, SINE, SIDE, SLOW, SLOT, SOOT, COOT, COOL, TOOL, TOLL, TELL, BELL, BAIL, FAST, CAST, CASE, CARE, BARE, BALE, BALL.
- Roam, More, Male, Lame, Come, Core, Role, Lore, Rice, Rile, Rail, Liar, Lime, Mile, Mole, Loam, Lair, Came, Mace, Mare, Ream, Real, Care, Race, Lace, etc.

Clear, Comic, Moral, Lamer, Camel, Crime, Claim, Comma, Almer, Coral, Molar, Cream, Relic, etc.

QUIZ for today

- A capercaillie is a folk dancer, edible berry, bird, Irish fairy, Spanish beggar?
- Who wrote (a) The Call of the Blood, (b) The Call of the Wild?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Paris, London, Berlin, Hamburg, Teheran, Moscow, Rome?
- Who invented Felix the Cat?
- The Post Office Savings Bank was first opened in: 1851, 1861, 1871, 1881, 1891?
- Where are (a) Moose Jaw, (b) Medicine Hat?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt: Excuseable, Cylind-

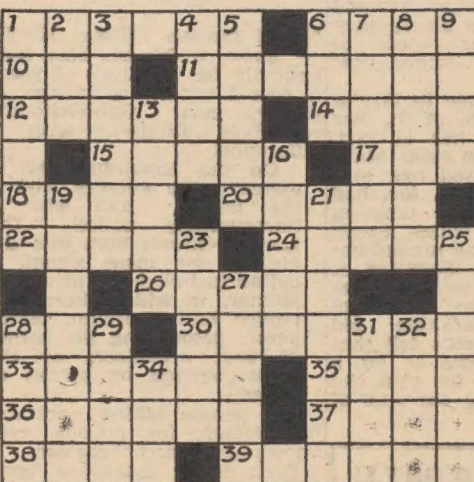
Answers to Quiz in No. 264

- Boat.
- (a) William de Morgan, (b) G. B. Shaw.
- 1944 is a Leap Year; others are not.
- Maple leaf.
- Day.
- Seven.
- Hollyhock, Heliograph.
- 452 not out, Don Bradman, 1929.
- Richard III.
- Cribbage.
- Accra.
- (a) Pinches, (b) Without straw.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Seize quickly.
- Trained.
- Study.
- Melt.
- Muddled.
- Unfalling.
- Allude.
- Shuck.
- Fencing weapon.
- Extra actor.
- Not smart.
- Vehicles.
- Range of vision.
- Fondle.
- Of electricity.
- Give the means.
- Cricket stroke.
- Consent.
- Besides.
- Dog.
- Walked obliquely.

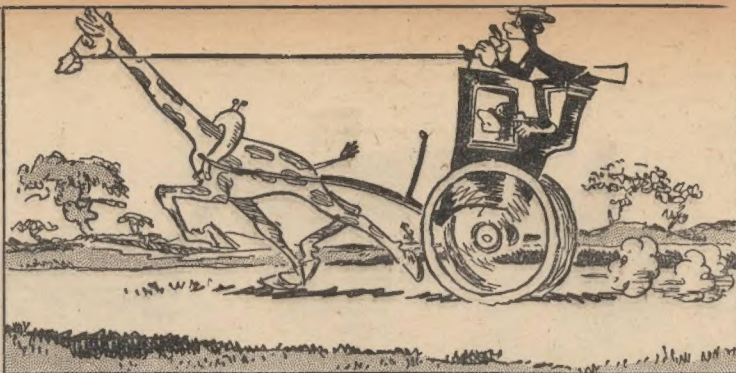
Solution to Problem in No. 264.

TACIT CATCH
SHRILL ERE
SPOKE OWNER
AIR REVIEW
ICES MELTED
L TAINI R
SPRAWL SILO
RELAYS NIP
PIPER CELTS
ACE DROVER
TELLS WATER

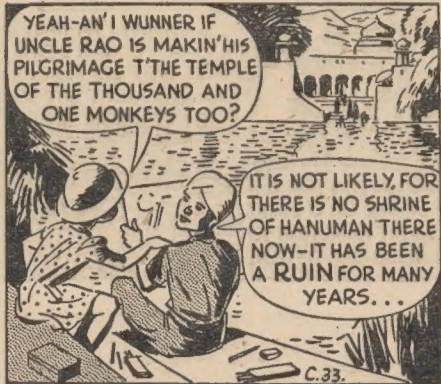
CLUES DOWN.

- Climbed.
- Incline.
- Boy's name.
- Musical symbol.
- Skins.
- Vehicle.
- Harvester.
- Exertion.
- Coloured.
- Yorkshire town.
- Frill.
- Strength.
- Pieced together.
- Produce.
- Fed furnace.
- Vocal pieces.
- Fuel.
- Long stitch.
- Harbour charge.
- Flower.
- Insect.

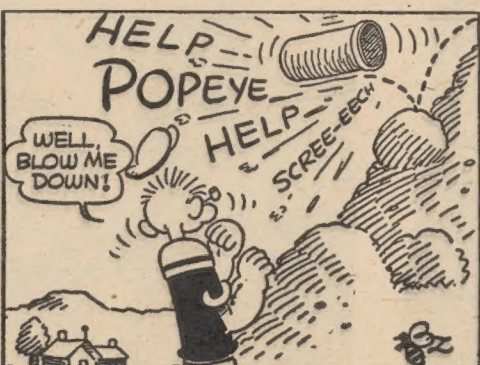
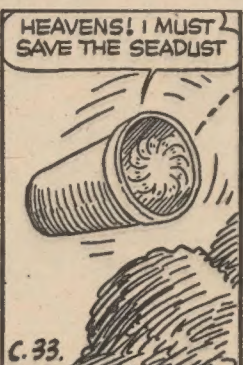
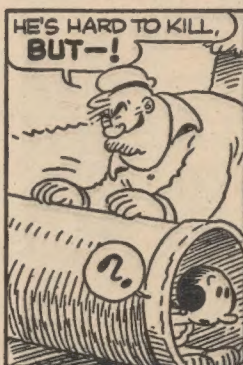
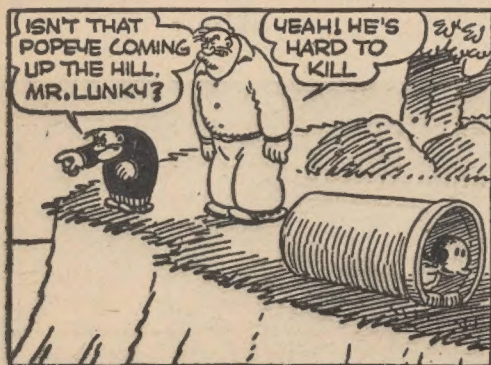
BUB JONES



BELINDA



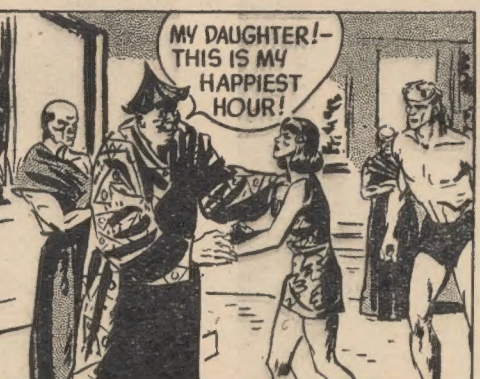
POPEYE



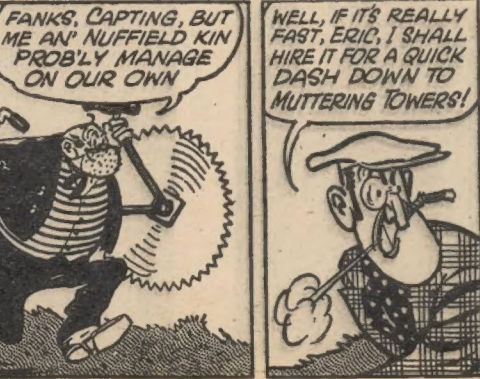
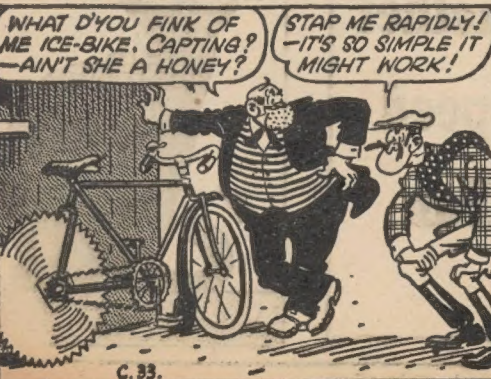
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



MICKEY IS TERRIFIC

By Judy Garland
M.G.M. Star

HE'S charming. He's maddening. He's considerate. He's thoughtless. He's irresistible. He's impossible. He's on top of the world. He's in the depths of despair. He's the best friend I have in the world. I want to hug him and I want to punch him on the nose. He's Mickey Rooney, the most confusing, complex, lovable person I've ever known.

We first met nine years ago at Lawler's Professional School in Hollywood, where young hopefuls of stage, screen and radio gathered to learn the ABCs between bookings. Five minutes after I was assigned a desk in the fifth grade class, a freckle-faced, tow-headed boy burst through the door.

We became friends at first sight. By the end of that year we were deeply in puppy-love. Then Mickey told me he was leaving. He had signed a contract at M.G.-M. I was torn between delight and despair, happy over his break, miserable to see him go. He gave me a quick peck on the cheek, breezed a "Good-bye, darling, I'll call you to-morrow," and that was that.

Three years passed. No call, no Mickey, nothing. Suddenly the lull was broken. M.G.-M. took a chance and signed me.



The first picture in which we appeared together was "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry." Next came "Love Finds Andy Hardy." At this point I was hopelessly discouraged. My star hadn't risen. Even the prospect of a picture with Mickey didn't cheer me. His talent was overpowering, and I was pug-nosed, freckled and pudgy.

The first morning on the set I sneaked into my dressing-room to read over the lines. I didn't want to see or talk to anyone. Suddenly there was a violent knock at the door. Mickey burst in and said, "Jootes, I think this is going to be it. But, look, let's have a sort of pact. Let's work with each other, not at each other." Those words stuck. We've never forgotten them. From that moment on things began to happen. "Wizard of Oz" came next, then Mickey and I were together again in "Babes in Arms."

That was when my old crush began to return again. But it was quickly nipped in the bud. Mickey is a magnificent friend, but, romantically, he's like a perpetual ride on a roller coaster. You're either up or down. He stood me up so many times, I began to feel like a girl in magazine ads. Finally the straw came that broke the camel's back. He asked me to a party. He was to meet me there. Well, he met me all right, but he neglected to mention that he was also escorting another young lady. This started a major battle. In the midst of screaming and yelling we looked at each other and started to laugh. We both knew that, romantically to each other, we were a bust.

Mickey and I have shared many thrilling moments. There was the time we arrived in New York for a personal appearance. Fifteen thousand people jammed Grand Central Station. We didn't say a word. We just looked at each other. But that look said, "Is this turn-up all for a couple of kids from the fifth grade at Lawler's?" Not long after, Mickey escorted me to Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where we placed our hand and footprints in the forecourt. I was wearing my first formal evening gown, and it was Mickey who managed a dignified entrance for me when he whispered, "Walk around the cement, Jootes, not through it."

Perhaps the most thrilling night of all was the Academy Award banquet. Mickey had received the "Oscar" for an outstanding juvenile performance the year before. That night he presented it to me. My heart sang when he looked at me, winked slyly and murmured, "What did I tell you, Jootes!"

Only a few days ago we finished "Girl Crazy," our eighth picture together. When Mickey spoke his familiar, "Well, that's another one under our belts, Jootes," we both stopped for a moment. Then almost in chorus we said, "And I hope there'll be many more!" He gave me a smacker on the cheek and was off in a cloud of dust.

That's Mickey! My best pal, my favourite actor, and my dearest friend.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
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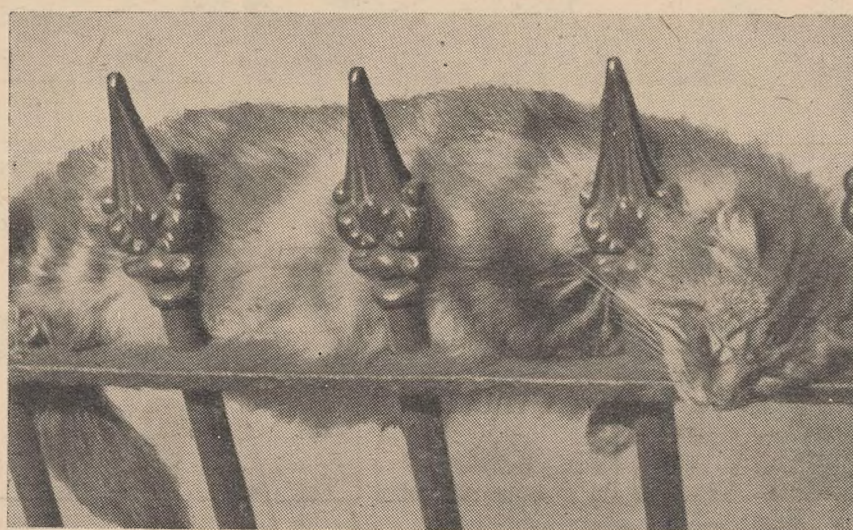
'JILL'

A study of the beautiful Windmill star, by G. M. photographer, George Greenwell.



This England

Bathed in sunlight and peace. The village pond at Wicken, Cambridgeshire.



A "RAIL" SLEEPER!



IN THE "SHADOWS"



Just
Another
Speed
Fan

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Poor Devil.
Lined with
worry."

